

A Vacation from Victory, Part 1

by Kasagi

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Summary: AAMRN/Comedy. Ash and co. take a vacation to France. What will happen? To find out, read!

A Vacation from Victory, Part 1

Title: A Vacation from Victory, Part 1 Author: Kasagi
(kiyone01@hotmail.com) Date: (Written) July 1999 Genre: AAMRN/Comedy
Rated: G or PG. No cussing, no adult situations, ect. so far (I intend to keep it that way). But for some reason, I'd prefer if the reader was 11+ (I seriously dunno why...), though I think it's appropriate for all ages (Unless for like, 7 year olds or something... but that would be just plain wierd IMO... O.o...).

For all my friends at the Pok  mon Fan Fiction Archives @ <http://pffa.8m.com/> who have supported me and encouraged me all the way, especially Scyther46 and Misty_Kasumi, who were the very first peeps to ever comment on the original fic when it was released for all the world (well, kinda) to see. ^_^

~*~{ PROLOGUE }~*~

Ash Ketchum from Pallet Town, Misty Waterflower from Cerulean City, and Brock Slate from Pewter City have been traveling together for about four years since Ash first begun his journey to become a Pok  mon Master. They have encountered new friends, new enemies, and exciting adventures along the way. After winning the eight badges required to enter the Pok  mon League, Ash, Misty, and Brock travel to Indigo Plateau. Ash is a 14 year old boy now, Misty is a 16 year old teen, and Brock is a 20 year old man. Jessie and James are both 21 years old, but recently, they haven't been around to get 'blasted off' by our heroes. Where are they and what are they doing? You'll find out soon enough. And so our story begins...

~*~{ CHAPTER ONE }~*~

Misty and Brock watched admiringly at the boy standing before them.

He had just beaten the Elite 4, and he was in the middle of a very close battle with his arch rival, Gary Oak, who had beaten the Elite 4 just before he did. How Gary managed to beat the Elite 4, you ask? Well, some things just go unanswered, because that remains a mystery to me. [Maybe he bribed them or something...] Anyway, back to the story.

"Yay! Ash is winning! And he's whooping Gary good, too!" cheered Misty excitedly.

"Yeah, he sure is!" Brock said, agreeing with the orange-haired girl.

It was near the end of the battle, and Ash and Gary each had one Pok  mon left. Whoever won this battle would win the title of 'Pok  mon Master.'

"Gary, Gary, he's our man, if he can't beat 'em no one can! Go Gary!" cheered Gary's fan club girls.

Ash, overhearing them, thought to himself, 'They're right about one thing, Gary can't beat me and neither can anyone else!'

Gary sent out his last Pok  mon, who was actually the evolved form of his very first Pok  mon ever, a Bulbasaur, as he said mockingly, "Oh, Ash, what happened to your little electric rat, Pikachu? Did he run away because he couldn't stand having such a loser trainer? I mean, you couldn't even get him to evolve!"

Ash, ignoring the snide remarks, just said, "You'll see soon enough," with a smirk on his face. "Pikachu, I choose you!" "PIKACHUUUUU!!!"

Thunder filled the stadium, as well as a couple of lightning bolts. When the electric sparks stopped flying, a very angry Gary and Ivysaur were revealed, burnt to a crisp. [That'll teach you to diss the rat! Oops, uh, I mean, Pikachu! *sweatdrops*]

"Ivy...saur..." said Gary's Pok  mon as they slowly trudged out of the stadium followed by his disappointed fan club girls.

"Yesss!!!" "Pika!!!" Ash and Pikachu said as they did their victory pose. "We did it!" "Ka chu!"

"And the champion and Pok  mon Master is... Ash Ketchum from the town of Pallet!" shouted the announcer.

"Yay!!"

"Woo-Hoo!!"

"Yesss!!"

"All right!!"

Ash's friends, family, and fans, both at home and psychically there with him, cheered and celebrated.

"Did you see how his Pikachu wiped out Oak's Ivysaur?! It was the best performance by a Pikachu I've ever seen!" continued the

announcer.

Misty and Brock ran up to Ash and Pikachu, and, along with many other people, congratulated them.

"Congratulations, Ash!" Brock said as he shook hands with the new Pok mon Master.

Misty, however, was a little more enthusiastic. "Oh, Ash, I knew you could do it all along! Ever since I first met you!" squealed Misty with delight as she hugged him tightly.

Ash was quite taken back by her words and action and he had a surprised look on his face (and he was blushing, too), but he didn't really mind. Nope. Not one bit. In fact, he kinda enjoyed it. Not that he was going to admit it to anybody...

Misty saw the surprised look on Ash's face, and then blushed when she realized what she was doing. 'Misty, what do you think you're doing? Stop embarrassing yourself like this!' she thought. As soon as that thought passed through her mind, she quickly got out of the embrace...

CLICK!

...but not before Snap (or Todd, if you prefer), who was there to support Ash and watch him battle, managed to capture a photo of that rare Kodak (or, 'Pok dak' ^_~) moment. [Hey, can I have a copy when you develop it? Thanks! This'll be good blackmail... What? That's illegal you say? Oh, then, um... I didn't want it! He just gave it to me! I'm just an innocent bystander!]

"Snap, if you dare to develop that photo, I swear I will kill you!" Misty threatened as she chased him around the stadium.

"But Misty, I have a photo of the legendary bird, Articuno, on this roll of film!" Snap said as he tried to run away from Misty.

"Well, too bad, sorry, but that's your problem," Misty said, still chasing after Snap.

Snap was about to say something, when Brock interrupted. "Hey, Misty, we're going to a victory celebration for Ash now. Hurry up, we don't want to be late!"

"Okay," Misty replied.

"Say," Brock started, "Snap, you wanna come too?"

"Thanks, I would, but I have some stuff I have to finish."

"Oh, too bad. Well, suit yourself!" Brock said.

"Misty! C'mon, let's go!" Brock said, leaving Misty behind.

"Hey, Brock, wait for me!" Misty said as she hurried to catch up with him.

~*~{ CHAPTER TWO }~*~

"*This* is the great, fancy victory celebration you've been going on about?" Misty said criticizingly.

Ash, Misty, Brock, and Pikachu were in a booth at the local fast food joint when Misty made that remark. Oh, and if you were wondering, Ash sat next to Pikachu, and Misty was across from him, sitting next to Brock.

"So that would be three cheeseburgers, two hold the pickles, two Cokes, one 7UP, and a bottle of ketchup?" the waitress said.

"Yup," "Pika," all four confirmed.

"My name's Brock, and you're even prettier than all your sisters and cousins! The prettiest one yet!" Brock exclaimed as the waitress went to put in the orders.

Everyone sweatdropped. Misty sweatdropped and used her trusty mallet on Brock.

"What? What'd I do?" Brock asked.

"Well, for one thing, you used the wrong line! She isn't Officer Jenny or Nurse Joy! She doesn't have identical sisters and cousins who all have the same job!" Misty said.

"Oh. Oh yeah... well, heh heh, uh, I knew it all along!" Brock said hastily.

"Sure you did," "Chuuu pi ka," Ash, Misty, and Pikachu said sarcastically.

"Well, Misty," Ash said, getting back to what Misty had said earlier, "I may be Pokémon Master, but people seem to forget that when it comes to money."

"Unfortunately," Brock added.

"Snap's lucky he *didn't* come," Misty said under her breath as she sighed.

"Hey! Aren't you Ash Ketchum?!" a blonde-haired girl asked as she approached the group.

"Uh, yeah..." Ash said nervously, as a result to her eagerness.

"*The* Ash Ketchum?" the girl asked.

"Yeah, yeah, we already answered that. Now who are you and what do you want?" Misty said, obviously annoyed.

"My name's Clarissa, and I'm a really big fan of yours!" the girl told Ash.

"Ash... have a fan?! Ha!" Misty said, annoying Ash.

Ash was trying to say something to Misty, but Clarissa interrupted. "Can I please pay for your meal? Pretty please?" she begged.

"Uh, sure... I guess..."

"Great!" Clarissa said as she clinged to Ash very tightly.

"Who does she think she is, hanging all over Ash like that? Ooh, why I oughtta..." Misty said to herself with jealousy.

"Misty? You okay? You're not *jealous*, are you? Heh heh..." Brock said.

"JEALOUS?! WHY WOULD I BE JEALOUS?!" Misty yelled in Brock's face.

"Okay, okay, down girl," Brock said to Misty, "Besides, I just thought that maybe..."

"I AM NOT JEALOUS! WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA THAT I WOULD EVER BE JEALOUS OF SOMETHING CONCERNING ASH, THAT BIKE-WREAKING LOSER?!" yelled Misty, again.

Ash looked at Misty, half-hurt, half-nervous (he sweatdropped), and half-disgusted at Clarissa who was still clinging onto him oh-so-tightly.

"Why don't you just go into your 'pretty girl mode' like you always do and just leave me alone?!" Misty asked Brock.

"She's not my type. Besides, don't you think she's a bit too young for me?" answered Brock. 'Young' was right! She was only Ash's age, 14! [Even Brock isn't that desperate...]

"I thought you said any girl was 'your type'..." Misty recalled.

"Here's your order. Have a nice day!" the waitress said as she put the food down on the table.

Clarissa paid the waitress for Ash and Pikachu's food, but Misty and Brock had to pay for their own.

"Wait! Don't go! You sure look lovely, do you want to go out sometime?" said... well, take a wild guess.

Everybody fell down anime-style, and Misty commented, "Well, at least he said the right line this time!" [Heehee... ^_~]

"Hmm... let me think..." the waitress said sarcastically, "... NO!!"

"Poor Brock. Rejected again," "Pika chu kaaa pi kachu," Ash and Pikachu said.

"Well, he's probably used to it by now. After *at least* four years of rejection," Misty said.

The gang got back to eating, and Clarissa watched Ash... eat.

"Pika! Pika!" Pikachu said as he consumed the ketchup in the ketchup bottle.

"Oh, Ash, your Pikachu is so cute! Nearly as cute as you!" Clarissa said as she giggled dumbly.

That caused everybody else to sweatdrop, and Ash to laugh nervously. "Eh heh heh, yeah... uh, Clarissa, it was nice meeting you, but my friends and I really have to get going now."

"Aww... but your friends are still eating. They should take their time."

As soon as they heard that, Misty, Brock, and Pikachu finished their food in seconds. "Okay! All done! Byyye!" the group said as they desperately tried to get away from Clarissa.

"Oh, no! Ash! Wait! I didn't even get your autograph yet! Wahhh!!! Come back!" Clarissa wailed. That just made them run even faster. [Hey! Wait for me! Please don't leave me with her!]

~*~{ CHAPTER THREE }~*~

"Ring, Ring, Ring!! Phone call, Phone call!!" rang the video phone in Professor Oak's Lab.

"Hi, Professor Oak!" Ash greeted.

"Why, hello there, Ash. How are you? I assume you're doing quite well, considering you're a PokÃ©mon Master now. May and I watched the tournament on TV with your family, and I saw how your Pikachu battled. Very well indeed. As for Gary... well, all I have to say is I'm overjoyed that one of the trainers from Pallet became a PokÃ©mon Master."

"I'm doing great, and I just talked to Mom. Pikachu is doing great, too!"

"Pika!"

"Oh, I see," Professor Oak commented.

"And I'm doing great, too!" Misty piped in.

"Me too!" added Brock.

"Well, I'm glad everybody is doing so well. Ash, I have here three tickets to France. How would you like them?"

"Oh, gee, Professor, I don't think-"

"Yes! We'll take it!" Misty and Brock interrupted as they trampled Ash.

"Thank You!" "Ka chu!" they said as they received the tickets from Professor Oak, via the slot on the side of the video phone. [Ah, the convenience of technology... ^_~]

"Oh, there's no need for that. You deserve them, Mr. PokÃ©mon Master!"

"Goodbye, Professor!" Ash said as he hung up. "Pikachu, Misty, Brock,

can you believe it? We're going to France!"

"I know! I can't believe it! This is so great! I just *love* French things, they're sooo romantic! Oh, Ash, I've always wanted to go to France!"

"Hey, maybe I'll meet some pretty girls in France!" Brock said, imagining himself in a candle-lit café sitting across a cute girl.

"And I'm just glad to get a vacation from training, right Pikachu?"

"Chu pika!" Pikachu agreed.

"Okay, young man, all your Pokémon are back to perfect health now," Nurse Joy said with a cheery smile.

"You're the most beautiful Nurse Joy yet!" Brock exclaimed before Misty used her trustyallet again.

"Thank you," Ash and Misty said as they dragged a love struck Brock out of the Pokémon Center.

~*~{ CHAPTER FOUR }~*~

"So, Brock, which potions do you think we should get?" Ash asked. Ash, Misty, and Brock were at the Pokémonmart, stocking up on supplies, since because there were no Pokémon native to France, there were no Pokémonmarts, either.

"Well, Ash, the real question is 'what can we afford to get?'," Brock replied.

"Oh yeah. I forgot, we're flat broke," Ash said glumly.

"Shh! Ash, never say that in a store near the cashier!" Misty warned. No sooner than Misty had said that, they were all kicked out of the Pokémonmart.

"Come back when you have some money!" the cashier angrily said.

"How rude! Why did we even bother going to *this* Pokémonmart, anyway?" Misty asked.

"Yeah, Brock, why? It's kinda out of the way, don'tcha think?" Ash added.

"We went to *this* Pokémonmart because this is the *only* Pokémonmart around this area," Brock replied.

"Oh," Misty and Ash replied in unison.

So all three (Pikachu: "Pika!"), err, four [Hey, why do you do that in practically everybody's fics? You know, sometimes there's a reason they forget you... (Pikachu: "Chaaa...") Okay, okay, Pikachu, I'm sorry too, but I have to get on with the fic now...] sat quietly and thought about ways to get some money.

"I know!" Ash exclaimed about five minutes later, breaking the silence.

"What? What is it?" Misty and Brock asked eagerly.

"We can get people to pay to see none other than the great Pok  mon Master, Ash Ketchum!" Ash exclaimed. Brock, Pikachu, and Misty fell over, anime-style.

"I'd like to meet the poor soul who'd actually *pay* money to see *you*," Misty said sarcastically.

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean?!" Ash snapped back.

"You know perfectly well what that means, Ash Ketchum!" Misty yelled. And that led to another fight between the two. Pikachu and Brock sweatdropped as they watched Ash and Misty fight.

Finally, it started to get boring, and Brock stepped in. "Chill guys, if you keep on fighting like this, people will start to think you're a couple," he knew that would stop them from fighting. Well, at least from fighting each other... Ash, and Misty, with a mallet behind her back, turned to approach Brock, and, well, let's just say when they were done, there was a very injured Brock, and to add to the pain, Pikachu had to thundershock all of them because he was sick of the fighting. "Okay... we... give... up... Pikachu," said a nearly unconscious Brock.

Pikachu gave a satisfied "Pika," with a smile and a nod.

About ten minutes later, Ash got kinda hungry again and searched through his backpack for something to eat. "Hey, I almost forgot, Mom gave me this package," Ash told his friends. "Hmm... wonder what's inside..."

"Why don't you just open it, Einstein?" Misty said sarcastically.

"That's what I was gonna do!" Ash yelled back as he opened the package. Inside was a note attached and it read:

Dear Ash,

Your father will be so proud of you! Now that you've fulfilled your dream of becoming a Pok  mon Master, I'll be expecting you home anytime now. Professor Oak tells me that he's going to give you tickets to France, and so I guess the money I enclose will be very useful. Ash, don't forget that I'll be at home waiting for you, so please call me when you get to France and tell me what hotel you're staying in.

Love, Mom

"So, Ash, exactly how much money did your Mom give you?" Misty asked curiously.

"All you need to know is that there's enough for anything we might need, so let's get going back to the Pok  mart!" Ash replied.

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"Hmm... we should get some of those, and those too."

"Ooh, and we need a couple of these!"

"And don't forget some of this!"

Brock, Misty, and Ash were back at the Pok  mart, and they wasted no time getting what they needed.

A little while later, all was gotten and paid for, and they were on their way to the airport.

~*~{ CHAPTER FIVE }~*~

"I don't believe this!" Misty shouted angrily. "Congratulations, Ash," Misty said sarcastically, "You've managed to get us lost when we're only one block away from our destination!"

Ash, Misty, Pikachu, and Brock were trying to find their way to the airport, and somehow, they managed to get lost. What's really pathetic is that it was just one block's distance from the Pok  mart to the airport. Misty had a hint of disappointment in her voice, and Ash couldn't help feeling sorry for her, even though she had just chewed his head off. [Not literally, of course ^_~]

"I know!" exclaimed Brock, who had remained silent during all this. "Onix, go!" Brock called out the large snake-like rock Pok  mon. "C'mon guys, get up on Onix," Brock commanded.

"Uh, okay," Ash said, not knowing what else to do. Ash and Misty climbed up on Onix's rock-hard back.

"So, Brock, tell us again why we're riding your Onix in the middle of the street?" Misty asked.

"Well, I figure, if we're on Onix we can see further and move faster," Brock said. "In fact, I see the airport over there right now. Onix, go over that way!" The giant rock Pok  mon cracked the cement on the sidewalk and made quite a few people get out of the way as it headed toward the airport.

"Finally! We're here! I thought Brock's crazy idea wouldn't work, but I guess I'm wrong!" Misty said, just excited that she would get to go to France after all.

"Yeah, and with one minute to spare!" Ash added.

"That means we only have one minute to get all the way to the other side of the airport! We gotta hurry up, guys!" Brock shouted.

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An exhausted and panting Ash, Pikachu, Misty, and Brock made it to the other side of the airport within 45 seconds. [Don't ask me how, I know just as much as you do. Anime. Go fig...] They showed their tickets and did all the other necessary things and they boarded the plane just in time.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Please send all comments, critism, flames, ideas, suggestions, and whatever else you can think of to me. I really appreciate any feedback I get. ^_^ My e-mail addy is kiyone01@hotmail.com. Thanks!

~*~{ DISCLAIMER }~*~

PokÃ©mon and all related characters are Â© Nintendo, Creatures, Gamefreak, ect. It should be pretty obvious that I don't own PokÃ©mon... and if I did, I wouldn't be writing this disclaimer, now would I? If for some reason you can and decide to sue lil' ol' me, let me warn you I have no money... =P... so you'll get nothing!! >=) BWAHAHA*cough*HAHA!! *sweatdrops* Anyway, back to reality (Reality?! Nooo...!)... Though I don't own PokÃ©mon, I have to say, this story is my own idea, so please don't copy parts of it, but maybe if ya e-mail I might give it the okay, or we could somehow work it out (Not like anybody wants to really copy such a fic as mine anyway...).

End
file.